

The Seagull – Anton Chekov

Hmph! You talk of fame and happiness, of some brilliant interesting life; before for me all these pretty words, if I may say so, are just like marmalade, which I never eat. You are very young and very kind, but I don't know what is so delightful about my life.

You have heard of obsessions, when a man is haunted day and night, say, by the idea of the moon or something? Well, I've got my moon. Day and night I am obsessed by the same persistent thought; I might write, I must write... No sooner have I finished one story than I am somehow compelled to write another, then a third, after a third a fourth. I write without stopping except to change horses like a postchaise. I have no choice. What is there brilliant or delightful in that, I should like to know? It's a dog's life!

Here I am talking to you, excited and delighted, yet never for one moment do I forget that there is an unfinished story waiting me indoors.